

Shore Things



Why I Don't Jump in Front of Moving Cars Anymore

Last September, I was in a parking lot at the NAS Whidbey Island galley, walking toward the BEQ with a buddy. I heard someone shout from behind me, "Get outta the way!"

It was another one of my buddies. He had just gotten off work and was driving to the "Q." I ran toward the front of his car, pretending I was going to jump on his hood. Actually, I was going to lean into his window to talk about our liberty plans for that night. What happened next changed those plans.

Just as I got to the front corner of his car, I noticed it wasn't parked—it was moving toward me. I tried to get out of the way when I felt the tire snag my right foot. I tried to pull it free, but lost my balance and twisted my leg as the car crept over my foot at idle speed. I heard a "pop-pop-pop" and knew bones in my feet were breaking, even though I didn't feel anything.

When the car had completely rolled over my foot, I started hopping around, cursing and yelling. The driver of the car thought I was still kidding around until he saw the look on my face. Realizing he had just run over my foot, he shouted for me to get inside the car. We all piled in, and off to the hospital we went.

When we got to the emergency room, corpsmen wheeled me to a cubicle, cut off my pants leg, stuck an IV in my arm, and shot me full of painkillers to squelch the throbbing pain in my now-swollen foot.

Doctors had to immobilize my leg for four days until the swelling went down enough for them to operate and repair the damage. I ended up with a broken shin and ankle. It took a steel plate and six screws to mend my shin, and two more screws to hold my ankle together. I had to have another surgery around January and am still having physical therapy.

I may never get my foot to work again like it used to, but I keep thinking it could have been worse. One

thing I know for sure is this never should have happened in the first place.

When you're goofing around, the last thing you expect is to get hurt, much less seriously hurt. Am I going to jump in front of a moving car again? You bet I'm not. Actually, I may have a hard time jumping anywhere.

AN Edward Crane
VAQ-135

What's Behind Blind Curve Number Two?

It started out as a typical Sunday drive through a mountain pass. My wife and I were enjoying the scenic views as we headed to a small town on the eastern side of the mountains. The roads were in good condition, and we got there with no problems.

After window shopping and eating lunch, we decided we had better start our return trip before it got dark and the roads began to freeze.

The road going out of town had many curves and blind corners. As we came around one of those blind corners, we were not ready for what was in our path. It was a semi that had jackknifed across the road. I slammed on the brakes and ended up less than a foot away from becoming one with the truck.

I learned quickly that you never know what to expect around the next corner. Even though this happened in the winter, driving at any time demands that you plan ahead and take the extra time to make sure you survive your trip.

AMS1(AW) Raymond Hamilton
VAQ-129